

THE CHORUS GIRL~ BY ROY L. MCARDLELL.



"I'm going to break the news to you gently, all of a sudden," said the Chorus Girl. "Dopey McKnight went to work. Yes, Dopey went to work. But, don't worry, he's back."

"It wasn't his fault. He was forced into it. Poor slob. He can't say 'No' to nobody."

"It happened day after election, when everybody got back to earth again, and Dopey found he needed a box of pipes."

"Everybody in our set had bet on Hearst except Old Man Moneyton, and Able Wogglebaum, and Louis Zinsheimer."

"Of course, being prosperous, they never thought of us, and we set around and set around just as peaceful as we could be and ready to slap each other in the face, waiting for them to turn up, but they all reneged. Ain't that just like your friends?"

"They'll come around and tell you how foolish they was when out last night blowing themselves on a lot of dead ones, and then while they're broke you have to support 'em, and as soon as they get another bunch of bucks, off they are again where their money makes them welcome, while their friends lunch on lemon."

"Not that all your friends are that way, but even the best of them is apt to seek your society because they know they'll be as warmly received when they're financially as straitened as when they're nothing but."

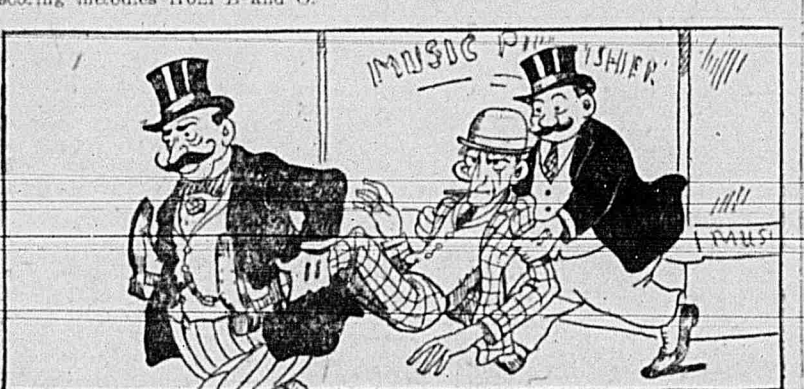


"This ain't got nothing to do with Dopey. Dopey wanted a box of pipes and nobody would give him fivepence. So he went down to his music publishers to collect his royalties."

"This is a joke. If the composer looks weak in the chest the fighting partner throws him out. If he is a husky guy that composes music by main strength, he's shown the visitor's book."

"The visitor's book in a music publishing house is the one in which is shown that the only copies of your song in circulation are those given gratis, the 'professional' copies. The visitor's book also shows how much money the firm has lost in bringing out your song. Then you apologize and go away."

"Every time Dopey goes to his publishers to collect his royalties on 'Lured by Gold, She Left Her Happy Heart' or 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget,' he's held captive and made to work out his indebtedness in transposing and scoring melodies from B and O."



"This time Dopey had no sooner got inside of the music publisher's when he was grabbed off by the glad-hand member of the firm, who said: 'Just the man we're looking for! Where've you been? Why do you keep away during the busy season?'"

"Before Dopey could say he always kept away because it was the busy season, the glad-hand member of the firm tells him that Harry Hands, who plays Wednesdays at Cash & Sayles Bargain Store, in the music department, has come into some money, through being made a snap judgment stakeholder of an election bet, and has sent a delectable message to the firm over the phone."

"So Dopey is to go over, Wednesday being this firm's day to have a man to boost the House's songs at this store."

"It takes three strong men to drag Dopey over, and even at that he wouldn't do it if the fighting member of the firm hadn't bribed him with a kick and a box of cigarettes."

"They got Dopey at the piano in the music department, which is off in a corner of the grocery and fresh meat store, right next to a remnant sale of frankfurters."

"Dopey starts in to play all his own songs and is doing fine when a heavy-set store detective comes up and takes his cigarette away from him and tells him if he lights another he'll poke him in the pan."

"This makes Dopey play them pathetic pieces of his'n, and before he knows it he has a crowd of shopping women around him, who put their parcels in his lap and all over the piano while they applaud."

"Dopey has opened part of the top to let the noise out better, and a bag with three dozen eggs one lady had bought and laid on top of the upright fell in. The more difficult music is the better Dopey likes to play it. He found the music more difficult every minute, but he banged away till he beat up the eggs inside till they came foaming out over the top like an advertisement for shaving soap."

"At that the store detective took him by the neck and dragged him out, and but for the fact that the policeman was a friend of Dopey's and wouldn't entertain the charge, the store detective would have had Dopey arrested for assaulting him."

"Ray, kid, Dopey's throat is so sore that he can't inhale till it gets well, and he says there's no nourishment in cigarette smoke when you can only circulate it through the nasal passages."

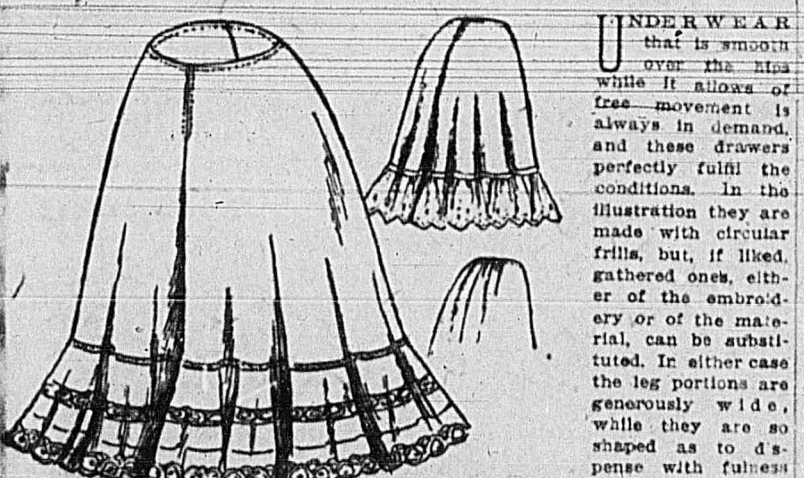
"Anyway, he's happy the music firm has been out off from their Wednesday privilege of boosting their brands in Cash & Sayles."

"But it only makes Dopey deeper in debt, for they've charged the price of the piano and the three dozen eggs against him."

"But Dopey says it was the proudest day of his life to find that music was useful as well as ornamental, that you could play a nocturne and make an egg noise at the same time."

"Say, kid, what is home without a piano?"

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Dainty Lingerie—Pattern No. 5514.

Pattern 5514 is cut in sizes for a 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 34 inch waist measure. The quantity of material required for the medium-size is 2 1/4 yards 29 inches wide, with 9 1/2 yards of edging, 8 1/2 yards of wide and 3 1/4 yards of narrow insertion, to make as illustrated, or 1 3/4 yards 26 inches wide with 3 3/4 yards of edging 5 1/2 inches wide to make with gathered flills.

Pattern 5514 is cut in sizes for a 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Taking Up May Irwin's Time

By Charles Darnton

It Was "Mrs. Wilson's" Busy Day, but She Put Off the Carpenter, the Plumber, the Paper-Hanger, and the Painter to Talk About Stage Work—Trying to Be "Just Herself," Miss Irwin Says, Is the Hardest Work of All.

"B"USY!" echoed the very-much-so May Irwin, turning in her chair and dropping her desk work. "I should say I am. I'm a business woman. Why, I've been so busy ever since I got back to town that I haven't had time to unpack my trunks. I own quite a lot of property here, and property needs looking after like a child, you know."

Owning neither, I didn't know, but I did my best to enter into the proprietary spirit of the occasion.

"But I don't mind," went on the rollicking property owner. "Work is good for me. My day begins at 7.30 in the morning, and I'm on the jump until bedtime. I don't see how women with nothing to do manage to live. That sort of existence would kill me. Just imagine—but let's not imagine it. Women who put in their whole day wondering what they will wear, or eat, or do at night have my sympathy, poor creatures! (Work keeps me alive. I don't waste a minute, even the minute or so I'm off the stage during a performance. I keep right on sewing. Perhaps you've noticed that I do real sewing.)"

The colored maid had come from a short engagement at the telephone.

"What is it, Sarah?" asked her mistress.

"The carpenter wants to know."

"Yes, yes, I know what he wants to know. Tell him I'll see him this afternoon."

"Yes'm," said the dutiful Sarah, returning to her "At the Telephone" sketch.

"As I was saying," resumed Miss Irwin, "I'm working all the time. People who see me on the stage don't think it's work, I know. They say, 'She's just herself.' They don't realize that that's the hardest work of all. If they could see the way I work over a piece to make it seem that I'm just myself! Rubbing the dull spots out of a play isn't easy. I can tell you. It means less play and more May Irwin. That's why I talk so much. I don't want to be on the stage all the time, but I can't help myself. Mr. Hobart wanted to call his play 'May Irwin.'"

"Well, isn't it?"

"But think how it would sound—May Irwin in 'May Irwin.' It would sound conceited, that's what it would. We're going to change the name to plain 'Mrs. Wilson' and cut off 'That's All.' I didn't want to go into the courts over the title and have people say I was doing it for advertising purposes. I'm perfectly satisfied to let it go 'Mrs. Wilson' and I should like to say another thing. I don't mention the name of a department store and a cigar in my play with the intention of advertising them. I do it because it's the natural thing to do. Women, when they get together, speak of the store where they do their trading. They"

Sarah again interrupted.

"The decorator has telephoned."

"Yes, Sarah. Tell him I'll let him know this afternoon."

"Yes'm."

"Goodness! These improvements! I haven't got around to them yet. And I must get around to see my tenants. They always like me to come and see them. Sort of cheers them up, you know. Everybody expects me to do that. It's awful to have a reputation as a funny woman. I'm really afraid to enter a room where there are a lot of strange people. Everybody looks expectant, and the next thing I know some one is asking: 'Won't you please tell us a funny experience, Miss Irwin? I'm sure you must have had any number of funny experiences. Imagine trying to say anything funny under those circumstances! I couldn't do it if my life depended on it. If I go into a restaurant the people at the neighboring tables listen when I give my order as if they expected me to say funny things to the waiter. And if I happen to be talking business to any one they whisper, 'She's in an awful temper about something!' The fact of the matter is I'm a very serious woman—really I am. Of course I have a sense of humor and"

Sarah.

"What is it this time?"

"The plumber, ma'am, he"

"Tell him to go right ahead with the work."

"Yes'm."

"What was I talking about? That reminds me of something I wanted to say. The women know what I am talking about on the stage. I always talk to them. And I get the older women. That pleases me most of all. Last night there were two gray-haired women in a box and I played to them from beginning to



I am a business woman.

end. I wouldn't have done anything to shock them for the world—no, not even to get a big laugh from a bunch of thoroughbreds in the front row. I was awfully afraid of that tipsy scene in 'Sister Mary' until a matinee audience, made up almost entirely of women, laughed away my fears. A number of them wrote me about it, and Ellen Terry wanted me to do it in England. But"

Sarah.

"The paper-hanger wants to know, ma'am, won't you pick out"

"Tell him I'll pick it out this afternoon, Sarah."

"Yes'm."

"Picking out wall papers is almost as hard as picking out a song," sighed Miss Irwin. "A really good song is written once in ten years, and only one in ten thousand is good for anything. You've no idea of the

number of utterly worthless songs that are turned out those days. Not that they're worse, on the whole, than the songs of other days. But there are so many of them that the public has become surfeited. Most of the songs that we get to-day are machine-made and that is why we are so sick of them. They're manufactured wholesale on the same pattern, and you can hardly tell one from the other. It is only now and then that we get a song with individuality or originality. 'Moses' Andrew Jackson' has individuality—genuine humor and a swing to it. A great deal, of course, depends on the singer. There's 'Bill Simmons,' for instance. The fame of that song reached me at my home in The Thousand Islands last summer, and I asked one of my sons to bring a record of it for the phonograph."

When I heard it on the phonograph, I couldn't understand how it had made such a hit. But when I came to town and heard Maudie Raymond sing it, I understood why it was so popular. It was the way she sang it. She sang it as if it were her own. I saw you see and feel 'Bill Simmons' I almost fell out of the box with laughter. She put character into the song—that was the secret of her success. I always approach a song with fear and trembling. Glen McDougall calls a song-cue 'the guilty moment.' That's exactly the way I feel. In fact, I feel like a fool. The play stops without any excuse, and there I am with my song. When you stop to think of it, the situation is ridiculous. Where is"

Sarah!

"The contractor, ma'am, is"

"Yes, I know what he is. He is a contractor. Tell him I'll give him



his instructions this afternoon."

"Yes'm."

"You should see some of the songs that I get," went on Miss Irwin.

"The other day some one sent me a 'mother' song, saying he was sure it would just suit me. Can you see me singing a 'mother' song? Why, I'd be mobbed. The 'coon song' comes by every mail. The man who says that the 'coon song' is dead doesn't know what he is talking about. It's very much alive. I don't believe it will ever die. It is characteristic of the country. A few years ago some croaker said that farce-comedy was dead. He was also mistaken. Good farce-comedy will never die. My one aim has been to keep my plays clean, wholesome and entertaining. I'm not squeamish, but there are some things that I can't stand. One is 'Man and Superman.' I went to see it in Washington, and walked out in the middle of the performance. Shaw is too much for me. The things he says about mothers and marriage, and love—heavens! I was never so shocked in a theatre before. I told Bob Loraine that he was dis"

"If you please, ma'am"

"Who is it this time, Sarah?"

"It's the die"

"Tell him I'll see him this—no, I'd better say to-morrow afternoon."

Coon Waste's Uses.

WHY do not housekeepers adopt cotton waste as a cleaning agent? Watch the engineer pick up a bunch of waste, wipe off oil or dust and throw the cotton into a heap to be burned at his convenience. How much better than to use a cloth which some one had to hem and some one else will have to wash and iron. Why is not cotton waste the best possible stuff to use instead of so many floor cloths, wall cloths, dust cloths, stove cleaners and mops? It is cheap, and it can be had anywhere. Cotton waste, by the way, is one of the best agencies for polishing waxed floors or furniture.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Blueberry Cake.

To be eaten with butter. One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, half cup of berries, 2 cups flour, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 eggs.

Baked Tomatoes.

Cut off the tops of tomatoes, take out the pulp, mix with bread crumbs, butter, a little salt and onion, and bake in oven.

Pineapple Sherbet.

NE can shredded pineapple, same amount of water. Sweeten to taste. It takes about one-half cup sugar. Now break into the bottom of freezer whites of 2 eggs; pour mixture on this and freeze at once.

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.

ANY of our girls would like something for evening wear, a wrap that may be lightly thrown about the shoulders between dances, or when passing from one room to another.

For this purpose they may find a shawl too bulky, perhaps, but not so the crocheted stole shown in our illustration.

This is narrow—not even a quarter yard wide—and has a perfectly flat effect, just what one needs for the purpose.

Pretty as it is, the stole is not a bit hard to make.

Shedding fluff is used, and every one of you who has crocheted to any extent knows how quickly that works up.

Afghan and chain stitches are combined, the latter coming entirely upon the outside and producing a thick, fluffy surface that is almost like a stole of ostrich feathers.

The inner side is smooth, and is most charming when lined with a soft silk of delicate hue.

Look at the stole in the illustration. Could anything be daintier or better fitted to set off the pretty face and graceful figure of a young girl, or even the more matronly lines of an older woman?

Easy and inexpensive as is this stole in the making, there is not the faintest suggestion of cheapness, nor of aught save grace and elegance in its aspect.

Such a Christmas present cannot fail to charm any of your girl friends.

Designed with Dear Friend Yarns—Crocheted Stole for Evening Wear.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, N. Y. City.

(THE END.)

"The Parson of Jeremiahs' Gulch," a romance of adventure and mystery, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, will begin in Monday's Evening World.

The Mystery of Sasassa Valley. By Sir A. Conan Doyle.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Tom Donahue and his gun, the narrator, are stranded in South Africa. They hear of a mine in Sasassa Valley, and go to the valley to investigate. Arriving in front of the rock, they make observations.

CHAPTER II.

The Diamond Hunt.

WHAT Tom's intention or object was I could not conjecture, beyond that he wanted to examine by daylight the part of the cliff from which the light came. Yet the influence of the romantic situation and my companion's suppressed excitement made me feel that I could feel the blood coursing through my veins and count the pulses throbbing at my temples.

"Start!" cried Tom, and we moved off, he to the right, I to the left, each with our eyes fixed intently on the base of the cliff. I had moved perhaps twenty feet when a momentary burst of moonlight showed the growing darkness. There shone a small, round, glowing point, the light from which waned and increased, flickered and oscillated, each change producing a more weird effect than the last. The old Kafir superstition came into my mind, and I felt a cold shudder pass over me. In my excitement I stepped a pace backward, when instantly the light went out, leaving utter darkness in its place; but when I advanced again there was the ruddy glare glowing from the base of the cliff. "Tom, Tom!" I cried.

"Aye, aye!" I heard him exclaim as he hurried over toward me.

There it is—there, up against the cliff!"

Tom was at my elbow. "I see nothing," he said.

"Why, there, there, man, in front of you!" I stepped to the right as I spoke, when the light instantly vanished from my eyes.

But from Tom's ejaculations of delight it was clear that from my former position it was visible to him. "Jack," he cried, as he turned and wrung my hand. "Jack, you and I can never complain of our luck again. Now I've got a few stones where we were standing."

"That's right. Now we must fix my disposition firmly in at the top. There! It would take a strong wind to blow that away, and we only need to hold out till morning. Oh, Jack, my boy, to think that only yesterday we were counting of becoming clerks, and you saying that no man knew what was awaiting him, too! By Jove, Jack, it would make a good story!"

By this time we had firmly fixed the

perpendicular stick in between two large stones, and Tom bent down and peered along the horizontal one. For fully a quarter of an hour he was at last, with a sigh of satisfaction, he said, "Look along, Jack, and you'll have an straight line to take a sight at any man I know."

I looked along. There beyond the firing sight was the ruddy light, faintly, but apparently at the end of the stick itself, so accurately that I was amazed.

"Now for your idea, Jack!" said Tom, having some supper and a sleep. "I'm nothing more to be done to-night; but I'll need all our wits and strength to-morrow. Get some sticks and kindle a fire here, and then we'll be able to keep an eye on our signal-post and see that nothing happens to it during the night."

By early dawn we were both up, and gazing along our pointer at the cliff. It was a queer sight, but not the one I had expected. The ruddy light, which had been so bright, was now a dim, monotonous, slaty surface, rougher perhaps at the parts where we were examining than elsewhere, but otherwise presenting nothing remarkable.

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